

PHILANTHROPOLOGICAL  
OR, AN  
ANSWER  
TO A LATE  
SATYR

Against the  
Dishonesty and Intemperance  
OF  
WOMAN.

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*Written by a Lady in Vindication of her Sex.*

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Licens'd, June 21. 1686.

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L O N D O N :

Printed by H. C. for John Taylor, at the Globe in  
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Female Advocate :

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO A LATE

SATYR

Against the

History, Life and Encounters

OF

WOMAN.

Written by a Lady in the reign of Henry 2.

LONDON, 1704.

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# TO the READER

**T**HAT which makes many Books come abroad into the World without Prefaces, is the only reason that induces me to one, viz. the Smallness of them; being willing to let my Reader know why this is so: For as one great Commendation of our Sex, is to know much, and speak little, so an Intelligent Modesty informs my Soul, I ought to put a Period to the intended Length of the ensuing Lines, lest censuring Criticks should measure my Tongue by my Pen, and condemn me for a Talkative by the Length of my Poem. Tho' I confess the Illustrious Subject requires (nay commands) an Enlargement from any other Pen than mine, (or those under the same Circumstances;) but I think it is good Frugality for young Beginners to send forth a small Venture at first, and see how that passes the merciless Ocean of Criticks, and what Return it makes, and so accordingly adventure the next time. I think if I pleas'd, make an excuse for the Publication of my Book, as many others do; but then, perhaps the World might think it was only a feigned Unwillingness: But when I found I could no longer defer the Publication, I set a resolution to bear patiently the Censures of the World, for I expected its Severity, the first Copy being so ill writ, and so much blotted, that it could scarce be read; and they that had the Charge of it, in the room of blot, writ what they pleas'd, and much different from my Intention. I find the main Objection is, That I should Answer so rude a Book, when, if it had not been against our Sex, I should not have Read it, much less have Answer'd it; but I think its being so required the sharper Answer, and severer Contradictions. I suppose some will think the Alterations occasion'd by their dis-

like of the former: If that had been intended for the Press, some things there inserted, had been left out; which I have now done, tho' they might pass well enough in Private, they were not fit to be exposed to every eye; but I think, when a Man is so extravagant as to Damn all Womankind for the Crimes of a few, he ought to be corrected: But in his Second Edition he hath been more favourable, yet there he goes beyond the bounds of Modesty and Civility, and exclaims not only against Vertue, but moral Honesty too, and supposes he hath banish'd all Goodness out of them; but it will be an impossible thing, because they are more essentially Good than Men; for 'tis observed in all Religions, that Women are the truest Devotionists, and the most Pious, and more Heavenly than those who pretend to be the most perfect and rational Creatures; for many Men, with Conceit of their own Perfections, neglect that which should make them so; as some mistaken Persons, who think if they are of the right Church they shall be infallibly saved, when they never follow the Rules which lead to Salvation: And when Persons with this Inscription pass current in Heaven, then should it be according to my Antagonist's Fancy, that all Men are Good, and sitting for Heaven, because they are Men; and Women irreversibly Damn'd, because they are Women: But that Heaven should make a Male and Female, both of the same Species, both indued with the like rational Souls, for two such differing Ends, is the most notorious Principle, and the most unlikely of any that ever was maintain'd by any rational Man; and I shall never take it for an Article of my Faith, being assured that Heaven is for all those whose Purity and Obedience to its Law, qualifies them for it, whether Male or Female; to which Place the latter seem to have the justest Claim, is the Opinion of one of its Votaries.

S. F.



T H E  
Female Advocate;

O R,  
An Answer to a late Satyr against the Pride, Lust  
and Inconstancy, &c. of Woman.

( say  
**B** Laspheinous Wretch! How canst thou think or  
Some Curst or Banisht Fiend Usurpt the Sway  
When *Eve* was Form'd? For then's deny'd by you/  
God's Omnipresence and Omniscience too:  
Without which Attributes he could not be  
The greatest and supreamest Deity:  
Nor can Heav'n sleep, tho' it may mourn to see  
Degen'rate Man speak such vile Blasphemy.

When from dark *Chaos* Heav'n the World did make,  
And all was Glorious it did undertake;  
Then were in *Eden's* Garden freely plac'd  
Each thing that's pleasant to the Sight or Taste,  
'Twas fill'd with *Beasts & Birds*, *Trees* hung with *Fruit*,  
That might with Man's Celestial Nature suit:

While

The

The World being made thus spacious and compleat,  
Then Man was form'd, who seem'd nobly Great.  
When Heav'n survey'd the Works that it had done,  
Saw Male and Female, but found Man alone,  
A barren Sex, and insignificant,  
Then Heav'n made Woman to supply the want  
And to make perfect what before was scant:  
Surely then she a Noble Creature is,  
Whom Heav'n thus made to consummate all Bliss.  
Tho' Man had Being first, yet methinks She  
In Nature should have the Supremacy;  
For Man was form'd out of dull senseless Earth,  
But Woman had a much more Noble Birth:  
For when the Dust was purify'd by Heaven,  
Made into Man, and Life unto it given,  
Then the Almighty and All-wise God said,  
That Woman of that Species should be made  
Which was no sooner said, but it was done,  
Cause 'twas not fit for Man to be alone.

Thus have I prov'd Woman's Creation good,  
And not inferior, when first under flood,  
To that of Man's; for both one Maker had,  
Which made all good; then how could *Eve* be bad?  
But then you'll say, tho' she at first was pure,  
Yet in that State she did not long endure.  
'Tis true; but yet her Fall examine right.  
We find most Men have banish'd Truth for sight:  
Nor is she quite so guilty as some make,  
For *Adam* most did of the Guilt partake;

While

While he from God's own Mouth had the Command,  
But Woman had it at the second hand;  
The Devil's Strength weak Woman might deceive,  
But Adam only tempted was by Eve;  
She had the strongest Tempter, and least Charge;  
Man's knowing fault, doth make his Sin more large.  
But tho' that Woman Man to Sin did lead,  
Yet since her Seed hath bruised the Serpent's Head:  
Why should she thus be made a publick scorn,  
Of whom the Great Almighty God was born?  
Surely to speak one slighting word, must be  
A kind of murmuring Impicty:  
But yet their greatest Haters still prove such,  
Who formerly have loved them too much;  
And from the Proverb they are not exempt,  
*Too much Familiarity has bred Contempt.*  
And as in Adam all Mankind did die,  
They make all Base for one's Immodesty;  
Nay, make the Name a kind of Magick Spell,  
As it would Conjure married Men to Hell.

Woman! By Heaven, the very Name's a Charm,  
And will my Verse against all Critics arm.  
The Muses or Apollo doth inspire  
Heroick Poets; but yours is a Fire,  
Pluto from Hell did lend to thee;  
Because we make their Hell less populous,  
Or else you ne'er had damn'd the Females thus.  
But if so universally they are  
Dispos'd to Mischief, what need you quarrel  
Peculiar

Peculiar Faults? when all the World might see  
With each approaching Morn a Prodigy  
Man Curse bad Woman! I could here as well  
The black infernal Devils Curse their Hell;  
When there had bin no such damn'd Place we know,  
If they themselves had not first made it so.  
In Lust perhaps you others have excell'd,  
And made all Whores that possibly would yield;  
And courted all the Females in your way,  
Then did design at last to make a Prey  
Of some pure Virgins; or what's almost worse,  
Make some chaste Wives to merit a Divorce:  
But 'cause they hated your insatiate Mind,  
Therefore you call what's Vertuous, Unkind;  
And Disappointments did your Soul perplex,  
So in meer spight you curse the Female Sex.  
I would not judge you thus, only I find  
You would adulterate all Womankind,  
Not only with your Pen; you higher soar,  
You'd exclude Marriage, make the World a Where.

But if all Men should of your humour be,  
And should rob *Hymen* of his Deity,  
They soon would find the Inconveniency,  
Then hostile Spirits would be forc'd to Peace,  
Because the World so slowly would encrease,  
They would be glad to keep their Men at home,  
And ev'ry King want more t' attend his Throne:  
Nay, should an *English* Prince resolve that he  
Would keep the number of Nobility;

And



And this dull Custom some few years maintain'd,  
There would be none less than a Peer ith' Land;  
And I do fancy 'twould be pretty sport,  
To see a Kingdom cram'd into a Court.  
Sure a strange world, when one shall nothing see,  
Unless a Bawdy-house or Nunnery.  
For should this Act e'er pass, VWoman would fly  
Unto dark Caves to save her Chastity.  
She only in a Marriage-Bed delights,  
The very Name of *Whore* her Soul affrights:  
And when that Sacred Ceremony's gone,  
Woman I'm sure will chuse to live alone.

There's none can number all those vertuous Dames  
VWhich chose cold death before their Lovers flames.  
The chaste *Lucretia*, whom proud *Tarquin* lov'd,  
Her self she slew; her Chastity she prov'd.  
But I've gone further than I need have done,  
Since we have got Examples nearer home:  
VVitness those *Saxon Ladies* who did fear  
The loss of Honour when the *Danes* were here;  
And cut their Lips and Noses, that they might  
Not pleasing seem, or give the *Danes* delight:  
Thus having done what they could justly do,  
At last they sell their sacrifices too.  
I could say more, but History will tell  
Many Examples that do these excel.

In Constancy they often Men excel,  
That steady Vertue in their Souls do dwell;

( 6 )  
She's not so fickle and frail as Men pretend,  
But can keep constant to a faithful Friend ;  
And tho' Man's always alt'ring of his mind,  
He says, Inconstancy's in VVomankind ;  
And would perswade us that we engross all  
That's either fickle, vain or whimsical.  
Man's fancy'd Truth small Vertue doth expresse ;  
Our's is Constancy, their's is Stubbornness.  
In faithful Love our Sex do them out-shine,  
And is more constant than the Masculine :  
For where is there that Husband that e'er dy'd,  
Or ever suffer'd with his loving Bride ?  
But num'rous trains of chaste VVives oft expire  
VVith their dear Husbands, wrapt in flaming fire ;  
VVe'd do the same if Custom did require.  
But this is done by *Indian* VVomen, who  
Do make their Constancy immortal too,  
As is their Fame ; while happy *India* yields  
More glorious *Phœnix* than th' *Arabian* Fields.  
The *German* VVomen Constancy did shew  
VVhen *Wensberg* was Besieg'd, begg'd they might go  
Out of the City, with no bigger Packs  
Than each of them could carry on their Backs.  
The wond'ring world expected they'd have gone  
Laded with Treasures from their Native home ;  
But crossing expectation, each did take  
Her Husband, as her burden, on her back ;  
so sav'd him from intended Death, and she  
At once gave him both Life and Liberty.

How

How many loving Wives have often dy'd  
Thro' extreme Grief by their cold Husbands side?  
If this ben't Constancy, why then the Sun  
Or Earth do not a constant progress run.

There's thousands of Examples that will prove  
Woman is true and constant in chaste Love:  
But when to us pretended Love is made,  
We yielding, find it Lust in Masquerade:  
Then we disown it, Vertue says we must,  
We well may change, I think the reason just.  
Change did I say, that word I must forbear,  
No, the bright Star won't wander from her sphere  
Of Vertue (in which Female Souls do move)  
Nor will she joyn with an insatiate Love;  
For she that's first espous'd to Vertue, must  
Be most inconstant when she yields to Lust:

But now the scene is alter'd, and those who  
Were esteem'd Modest by a blush or two,  
Are represented quite another way,  
Worse than Mock-verse doth the most solid Play.  
She that takes pious Precepts for her Rule,  
Is thought, by some, a kind of ill-bred Fool;  
They would have all bred up in *Venus-School*,  
And if that by her speech or carriage, she  
Doth seem to have sense of a Deity,  
She straight is taxt with ungentility:  
Unless it be the little blinded Boy,  
*Cupid*, that childish God, that trifling Toy;

That certain nothing, whom they feign to be  
 The Sun of *Venus*, Daughter to the Sea.  
 But were he true, none serve him as they shou'd,  
 For commonly those who adore this God,  
 Do't only in a melancholy mood;  
 Or else a sort of Hypocrites they are,  
 Who invoke him only as a snare:  
 And by him they do sacred Love pretend,  
 Whenas Heav'n knows, they have a baser end.

Nor is he God of Love, ; but if I must  
 Give him a title, He's the God of Lust.  
 And surely Woman impious must be,  
 Whene'er she doth become his Votary;  
 Unless she will believe without controul,  
 Those that did hold a Woman had no Soul;  
 And then doth think no obligation lies  
 On her to act what may be just or wise:  
 And only strive to please her Appetite,  
 And to imbrace that which doth most delight.  
 And when she doth this Paradox believe,  
 Whatever Faith doth please she may receive.  
 She may be Turk, Jew, Atheist, Infidel,  
 Or any thing, 'cause she need fear no Hell;  
 For if she hath no Soul, what need she fear?  
 Something, she knows not what, or when, or where.

But hold, I think I should be silent now,  
 Because a Woman's Soul you do allow.

But



But had we none, you'd say we had, else you  
 Could never Damn us at the rate you do.  
 What, dost thou think thou hast a priv'ledge given,  
 That those whom thou dost blest, shall mount to hea-  
 And those thou cursest, unto hell must go? (ven?  
 And so dost think to fill th' *Abyss* below  
 Quite full of Females, hoping there may be  
 No room for Souls as big with Vice as thee.  
 But if that thou with such vain hopes should'st die,  
 I th' fluid Air thou must not think to fly ;  
 Or enter into Heav'n, thy weight of Sin  
 Would crush the Damn'd, and so thou'dst enter in.

But hold, I am uncharitable here,  
 Thou may'st repent, tho' that's a thing I fear.  
 But if thou should'st repent, why then again,  
 It would, at best, but mitigate thy pain ;  
 Because thou hast been vile to that degree,  
 That thy repentance must eternal be.  
 For wer't thou guilty of no other crime  
 Than what thou lately puttest into Rhime,  
 Why that, were there no more offences given,  
 Were crime enough to shut the gate of Heav'n :  
 But, put together all that thou dost do,  
 It will not only shut, but barr it too.

When wise Heav'n made Woman, it design'd  
 Her for the charming object of Mankind :  
 And surely Man degen'rate must be,  
 That doth deny our Native purity.

Nor is there scarce a thing that can be worse,  
 Than turning of a Blessing to a Curse.  
 'Tis to make Heav'n mistaken when you say  
 It meant, at first, what proves another way :  
 For Woman was created good, and she  
 Was thought the best of frail Mortality :  
 An help for man, his greatest good on Earth,  
 Made for to sympathize his Grief and Mirth ;  
 Then why should man pretend she's worse than hell,  
 The only plague of h world, and in her dwell  
 All that is base or ill ; no, she's not so,  
 Rather she is the greatest good below ;  
 Most real vertue and true happiness,  
 His only steady and most constant blifs.

I must confess there are some bad, and they,  
 Lead by an *Ignis fatuus*, go astray ;  
 All are not forc'd to wander in false way :  
 Only some few whose dark benighted sence,  
 For want of light, han't power to make defence  
 Against those many tempting pleasures, which  
 Not only theirs, but Masculine Souls bewitch.  
 But you'd perswade us that 'tis we alone  
 Are guilty of all crimes, and you have none,  
 Unless some few, which you call Fools, (who be  
 Espous'd to Wives, and live in chastity)  
 But the most Rational, without which we  
 Doubtless shou'd question your Humanity ;  
 And I would praise them more, only I fear,  
 If I should do it, 'twould make me appear

Unto

Unto the World much fonder than I be  
Of that same State, for I love Liberty.  
Nor do I think there's a necessity  
For all to enter Beds, like Noah's Beast  
Into his Ark ; I would have some releast  
From the dear cares of that same lawful State ;  
But I'll not dictate, I'll leave all to Fate.  
Yet do I think a single life is best  
For those that loves to contemplate at rest :  
For then they're free from trifling Toys, and may  
Uninterrupted Nature's works survey.

Had my Antagonist but spent his time  
Making true Verse instead of spightful Rhime,  
As a small Poet, he had gain'd some praise,  
But now his malice blasts his twig of Bays.  
I do not wish you had, for I believe  
It is impossible for to deceive  
Any with what you write, because that you  
Do only insert things supposed true :  
And if by supposition I may go,  
Then I'll suppose all Men are wicked too,  
Since I am sure there are so many so.  
And 'cause you have made *Whores* of all you could,  
So, if you durst, you'd say all Women would ;  
Which words do only argue guilt and spight :  
All makes you cheap in ev'ry Mortals sight.  
And it doth shew that you have always bin  
Only with Women guilty of that Sin.

Your

You ne'er desir'd, nor were you fit for those,  
Whose modest carriage doth their minds disclose,  
And, Sir, methinks you do describe so well  
The way and manner *Bewley* enter'd Hell,  
As if your love for her had made you go  
Down to the black infernal shades below.

But I suppose you never was so near,  
Nay, if you had, you scarce would have been here,  
For had they seen you, they had kept you there;  
Unless they thought, whene'er it was you came,  
Your red-hot entrance might encrease the flame  
( If burning Hell add to their extreme pain )  
And so were glad to turn you off again.

There's one thing more I do believe beside  
Might be occasion'd by their haughty Pride;  
They knew you Rival'd them in all their Crimes,  
Wherewith they could debauch the willing times.  
And as fond Mortals hate a Rival, they  
Loving their Pride, were loth to let you stay,  
For fear that you might their black deeds excel,  
Usurp their Seat, and be the Prince of Hell.  
But I believe that you will let your Hate  
O'er-rule your Pride, and you'll not with the State  
Of Governing, because your deceived mind  
Persuades, your Subjects will be Womenkind.  
But I believe, whenever comes the tryal,  
Ask but for Ten, and you'll have a denial.



You'd think you're far happier than you be,  
 Were you but half so sure of Heaven as we.  
 But when you are in Hell if you should find  
 More then I speak of, then think Heaven design'd  
 Them for a part of your Eternal Fate,  
 Because they're things which you so much do hate.  
 But why you should do so I cannot tell,  
 Unless 'tis what makes you in love with Hell!  
 And having fallen-out with Goodness, you  
 Must have Antipathy gainst Woman too.  
 For virtue and they so nearly are ally'd  
 That none their mutual ties can e'er divide.  
 Like Light and Heat, incorporate they are,  
 And interwove with providential care.  
 But I'm too dull to give my Sex due praise,  
 The task befits a Laureat Crown'd with Bays:  
 And yet all he can say, will be but small,  
 A Copy differs from the original.  
 For should he sleep under *Parnassus* Hill,  
 Implore the Muses for to guide his Quill,  
 And should they help him, yet his praise would seem  
 At best but undervalluing disesteem.  
 For he would come to short of what they are  
 His lines won't with one single Act compare,  
 But to say truest, is to say, that the  
 Is Good and Vertuous unto that degree  
 As you pretend she's Bad, and that's beyond  
 Imagination, cause you set no bound,  
 And then, one certain definition is  
 To say that the doth comprehend all Blis.

And that she's all that pious, chaste and true,  
 Heroick, constant, nay and modest too:  
 The later Vertue is a thing you doubt,  
 But 'tis cause you ne'er sought to find it out.  
 You question where there's such a thing or no,  
 'Tis only cause you hope you've lost a foe,  
 A hated object, yet a stranger too.  
 I'll speak like you, if such a thing there be,  
 I'm certain that she doth not dwell with thee.  
 Thou art *Antipodes* to that, and all  
 That's Good, or that we simply Civil call.  
 From Vertue's yoke thou hast thy self releast,  
 Turn'd Bully, Hector, and a human Beast.  
 That Beasts do speak, it rarely comes to pass,  
 Yet you may paralel with *Balaam's* Ass.  
 You do describe a Woman so, that one  
 Would almost think she had the Fiends out-done:  
 As if at her strange Birth did shine no Star  
 Or Planet, only Furies in Conjunction were;  
 And did conspire what mischief they should do,  
 Each act his part, and her with plagues pursue,  
 'Tis false in her, yet 'tis summ'd up in you.  
 You almost would perswade one that you thought  
 That Providence to a low ebb was brought,  
 And that to *Eve* and *Jezebel* was given  
 Souls of so great extent, that Heav'n was driven  
 Into a straight, and liberality  
 Had made her void of wanting, to supply  
 These later bodies, she was for'd to take  
 Their souls asunder, and so numbers make.

And

And transmigrate them into others, and  
 Still shift them as she finds the matter stand.  
 'Tis 'cause they are the worst makes me believe  
 You must imagine *Jezebel* and *Eve*.  
 But I'm no *Pythagorean*, to conclude  
 One Soul could serve for *Abraham* and *Jude* :  
 Or think that Heaven's so bankrupt, or so poor,  
 But that each body has one soul or more.  
 I do not find our Sex so near ally'd,  
 Either in disobedience or in pride,  
 Unto the 'bove-nam'd Females (for I'm sure  
 They are refin'd, or else were alwaies pure)  
 That I must needs conceit their souls the same,  
 Tho' I confess there's some that merit blame :  
 But yet their faults only thus much infer,  
 That we're not made so perfect, but may err ;  
 VVhich adds much lustre to a vertuous mind,  
 And 'tis her prudence makes her soul confin'd  
 VVithin the bounds of Goodness, for if she  
 VVas all perfection unto that degree,  
 That 'twas impossible to do amiss,  
 Then heaven, not she, must have the praise of this.  
 But she's in such a state as she may fall,  
 And, without care, her freedom may intral.  
 But to keep pure and free in such a case,  
 Argues each vertue with its proper grace.  
 And as a Woman's composition is  
 Most soft and gentle, she has happiness  
 In that her soul is of that nature too,  
 And yields to any thing that Heav'n will do ;

Takes an impression when 'tis seal'd in heaven,  
 Turns to a cold refusal, when 'tis given  
 By any other hand: She's all divine,  
 And by a splendid lustre doth outshine  
 All masculine souls, who only seem to be  
 Made up of pride and their lov'd luxury.  
 So great is mans ambition that he would  
 Have all the wealth and power if he could,  
 That is bestow'd upon the several Thrones  
 Of the worlds Monarchs, covers all their Crowns.  
 And by experience it hath been found  
 The word Ambition's not an empty sound.  
 There's not an History which doth not shew  
 Man's pride, ambition and his fallhood too.  
 For if at any time th'ambitious have  
 Least shew of honour, then their souls grow brave,  
 Grow big and restless, they are not at ease,  
 Till they have a more fatal way to please,  
 Look fair and true, when falsely they intend;  
 So from low Subject, grow a Monarch's Friend.  
 And by grave Councils they their good pretend,  
 When 'tis guilt poyson and oft works their end.  
 The Son who must succeed, is too much loved,  
 Must be pull'd down (his Council is approved)  
 For fear he willingly should grow too great,  
 Desire to rule, should mount his father's Seat.  
 So he's dispatch'd, and then all those that be  
 Next in the way are his adherency:  
 And then the better to secure the State,  
 It is but just they should receive his fate.



So by degrees he for himself makes room,  
 His Prince is straightway shut up in his Tomb,  
 And then the false usurper mounts the Throne.  
 Or would do so at least but commonly  
 He nere sits firm, but with revenge doth dy, (high,  
 But thank heaven there's but few that reach so  
 For the known crimes makes a wise Prince take care.  
 And thus by what I've said, we plainly find  
 That Men more impious are than Womankind.  
 So those who by their abject fortune are  
 Remote from Courts no less their pride declare,  
 In being uneasie and envying all who be  
 In State, above them, or Priority.  
 But 'tis impossible for to relate  
 Their boundless Pride, or their prodigious hate,  
 To all that fortune hath but smil'd upon,  
 In a degree that is above their own.  
 And thou proud fool, that virtue would'st subdue,  
 Envying all good, dost towre o'er woman too,  
 Which doth betray a base ignoble mind,  
 And speaks thee nothing but a blustering wind.  
 But in so great a lab'rinth as man's pride,  
 I should not enter, nor won't be employ'd,  
 For to search out their strange and unknown crimes,  
 So many are apparent in these times,  
 My dull Arithmetick can never tell  
 Half of the sins that commonly do dwell  
 In one poor fordid Swain, then how can I  
 Define the Courts or Towns Debauchery.

Their

Their pride in some small measure I have shown,  
 But 'tis too great a Task for me alone ;  
 Nor yet more possible I should repeat  
 The Crimes of Men extravagantly great ;  
 I would not name them, but to let them see  
 I know they'r bad and odious unto me.  
 'Tis true, pride makes Men great in their own eyes,  
 But them proportionable I despise ;  
 And tho' Ambition still aims to be high,  
 Yet Lust, at best, is but Beastiality ;  
 A Sin with which there's none that can compare,  
 Not Pride nor Envy, &c. for this doth insnare  
 Not only those whom it at first inflam'd,  
 This Sin must have a Part'ner to be sham'd,  
 And punish'd like himself. Hold, one wont do,  
 He must have more, for he doth still pursue  
 The Agents of his Passion ; 'tis not Wife,  
 That mutual Name, can regulate his Life ;  
 And tho' he for his Lust might have a throw'd,  
 And ther might be *Polygamy* allow'd,  
 Yet all his VVives would surely be abhorr'd,  
 And still some common *Lais* be ador'd.  
 Most mortally the Name of VVife they hate,  
 Yet they will take one as their proper fate,  
 That they may have a Child legitimate,  
 To be their Heir, if they have an Estate,  
 Or else to bear their Names : So for by ends,  
 They take a VVife, and satisfie their Friends ;  
 VVho are desirous that it should be so,  
 And for that end, perhaps, Estates bestow ;  
VVhich,

( 15 )  
VVhich, when possess'd, is spent another way ;  
The spurious Issue do the right betray,  
And with their Mother-Strumpets are maintain'd ;  
The VVife and Children by neglect disdain'd,  
Wretched and poor, unto their Friends return,  
Having got nothing, unless cause to mourn.  
The dire Effects of Lust I cannot tell,  
But I suppose they're Catalogu'd in Hell ;  
And he, perhaps, at last may read it there,  
VVritten in flames, fierce as his own, whilst here.  
I could say more, but yet not half that's done  
By these strange Creatures, nor is there scarce one  
Of these inhumane Beasts that do not die  
As bad as *Bewley's* Pox turns Leprosie,  
And Men do catch it by meer phantasie.  
Tho' they seem chaste and honest, yet it doth  
Pursue them, while they swear it with an oath  
I was only in Company, infected breath  
Gave them that *Plague*, which hastens on their death,  
Or else the Scurvy, or some new Disease,  
As the base Wretch, or vain Physitian please ;  
Then a round sum the Surgeon he must have,  
To keep Corruption from the threatening grave ;  
And then 'tis doubled, for to hide the cheat ;  
( O the sad horror of debauch't Deceit ! )  
The Body and Estate together go,  
And then the only objects here below,  
On which he doth his Charity bestow,  
Are Whores and Quacks, and perhaps Pages too  
Must have a share, or else they will reveal  
VVhat Money doth oblige 'em to conceal.

( 201 )  
Sure trusty Stewards of extensive heaven,  
When what's for common good is only given  
Unto peculiar friends of theirs, who be  
Slaves to their lust, friending debauchery;  
These are partakers of as great a fate  
As those whose boldness turns them reprobate,  
And tho' a Hypocrite doth seem to be  
A greater sharer of Morality,  
And yet methinks they almost seem all one,  
One hides, and t'other tells what he hath done;  
But if one Devil's better than another,  
Then one of these is better than the t'other.  
Hypocrisie preeminence should have,  
(Tho' it has not the priviledge to save)  
Because the Reprobate's example may,  
By open Custom, make the rugged way  
Seem much more smooth, and a vile common sin  
More pardonable look, and so by him  
More take example: 'tis he strives to win  
Mad Souls, to fill up Hell! But should there be  
Nothing e're acted but Hypocrisie,  
Yet Man would be as wicked as he is,  
And be no nearer to eternal bliss;  
For he who's so unsteady, as to take  
Example by such Men, should never make  
Me to believe, that he was really chaste,  
And, without pattern, never had imbract.  
Such kind of force at best, such virtue's weak,  
That streight with such a slender staffs will break,  
And that's no virtue which cannot withstand  
A flight temptation at the second hand.  
But



But I believe one might as deeply pry  
For't, as the *Grecian* did for honesty,  
And yet find none; and then if Women be  
Averse to't too, sure all's iniquity  
On this side Heaven, and it with Justice went  
Up thither, 'cause here is found no content,  
But did regardless and neglected ly,  
And with an awful distance was past by.  
Instead of hiding their prodigious Acts,  
They do reveal, brag of their horrid Facts;  
Unless it be some few who hide them, 'cause  
They would not seem to violate those laws  
Which with their tongues they'r fore'd for to main-  
Being grave Counsellors or Aldermen, (taint)  
Or else the Wives Relations are alive,  
And then, if known, some other way they'l drive  
Their golden wheels, that way doth seem uneven,  
Then the Estate most certainly is given  
Some other way, or else 'tis settled so  
As he may never have it to bestow,  
Upon his Lusts, and therefore he doth seem  
To have a very high and great esteem  
For his pretended Joys; but when her friends  
Are dead, then he his cursed life defends  
With what they leave; then the unhappy wife  
With her dear children, lead an horrid life  
And the Estate's put to another use,  
And their great kindness turn'd to an abuse;  
And should I strive their falshood to relate,  
Then I should have but *Sisypus* his fate,

For Man is so inconstant and untrue,  
He's like a shadow which one doth pursue,  
Still flies from's word, nay and perfidious too,  
An Instance too of Infidelity  
We have in *Egypt's* false King *Ptolomy*,  
Who, tho' he under obligations were,  
To secure luckless *Pompey* from the snare,  
Who fled to him for succour, yet base he  
Approv'd his Death, and Murderer let go free;  
He was inconstant too, or else design'd  
The same at first, so alter'd words not mind,  
Which is much worse, for when that one doth speak  
With a full resolution, for to break  
One's word and oath, 'most surely it must be  
A greater crime than an inconstancy,  
Which is as great a failing in the soul  
As any sin that reason doth controul,  
But I designed to be short, so must  
Be sure to keep confin'd to what I first  
Resolved on, or else I should reprove  
These faults which first I ought for to remove;  
Therefore, with *Brutus*, I this point will end,  
Who, tho' he ought to have been *Cæsar's* friend,  
By being declar'd his Heir, yet it was he  
Was the first actor in his tragedy:  
Perfidious, and ungrateful, and untrue.  
He was at once, nay and disloyal too:  
A thousand Instances there might be brought,  
(Not far fetch'd neither, tho' more dearly bought)

To prove that Man more false than Woman is,  
Far more unconstant, nay perfidious;  
But these are Crimes which hell, (I'm sure not hea-  
As they pretend, hath in peculiar given ven)  
Unto our Sex, but that's as false as they,  
And that's more false than any one can say.  
All Pride and Lust too to our charge they lay,  
As if in sin we all were so sublime  
As to monopolize each hainous crime;  
Nay, Woman now is made the Scape-goat, and  
'Tis she must bear the sins of all the land:  
But I believe there's not a Priest that can  
Make an atonement for one single man,  
Nay, it is well if he himself can bring  
An humble, pious heart for th' offering;  
A thing which ought to be inseparable  
To men o'th' Gown and of the Sacred Table;  
Yet it is sometimes wanting, and they be  
Too often sharers of Impiety:  
But howsoever the strange World now thrives,  
I must not look into my Teachers lives,  
But now methinks the World doth seem to be  
Nought but confusion and degeneracy,  
Each Man's so eager of each fatal sin,  
As if he fear'd he should not do't agen;  
Yet still his soul is black, he is the same  
At all times, tho' he doth not act all flame,  
Because he opportunity doth want,  
And to him always there is not a grant.

Of Consequence for to extenuate it, I tell you of all  
And for to show the great advantage which it is  
In Sciences all disbelieve, and so I am content  
But when I meet with those which would be all  
Base and unjust, why then his purchase is too dear  
Most willingly, and then with hell contracts he  
To do the next thing that they should require  
And being thus inflamed with hellish fire, in fact  
He yields to any thing in flesh desire, opportunity  
Unless 'twere possible for hell to say, as the W. says  
They should be good, for then they'd dillibey, I say  
I am not sorry you do Females hate, I tell you  
But rather deem ourselves more fortunate, as I find  
When you're right understood, I say  
You are at amity with all that's good, I humbly  
And should I change them, I should think they were  
A growing bad, but still keep as you are, I say  
I need not bid you, for you must I'm sure, I say  
And in your present wretched state endure, I say  
'Tis impossible you should be true, I say  
As for a Woman to be like to you, I say  
Which I am sure will not accomplish'd be, I say  
Till heaven's turn'd hell, and that's repugnant, I say  
When vice turns virtue, then 'tis you shall have  
A share of that which makes most Females brave  
Which transmutations I am sure can't be, I say  
So thou must be in full necessity, I say  
With prospect of 'my endless misery, I say  
When Woman, your maid and Friend, shall live  
Bless'd with the Joys that Heaven can always give,

F I N I S.